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AN

ELEGY

TO A

Young LADY, Catherine Darkwood

In the Manner of *OVID.*

By ------ Hammond

With an ANSWER.

By a LADY,* Author of the Verses to the Imitator of *HORACE.*

* Lady Mary Wortley - but the poem is printed as Lord Hervey's.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.*

MDCCXXXIII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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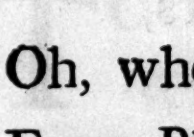

H! ſay, thou dear Poſſeſſor of my Breaſt!
Where is my boaſted Liberty and Reſt?
Where the gay Moments which I once have known?
Oh, where that Heart I fondly thought my own?
From Place to Place I ſolitary roam:
Abroad uneaſy, nor content at home.
I ſcorn the Beauties common Eyes adore,
The more I view them, feel thy Worth the more.
Unmov'd I hear them ſpeak, or ſee them fair,
And only think on thee - - - who art not there.
In vain wou'd Books their formal Succour lend:
Their Wit and Wiſdom can't relieve their Friend.
Wit can't deceive the Pain I now endure,
And Wiſdom ſhows the Ill without the Cure.

When

When from thy Face I waſte the tedious Day,
A thouſand Schemes I form, and Things to ſay:
But when thy Preſence gives the Time I ſeek,
My Heart's ſo full, I wiſh, but cannot ſpeak;
And cou'd I ſpeak with Eloquence and Eaſe,
(Till now not ſtudious of the Art to pleaſe)
Cou'd I, at Woman who ſo oft exclaim,
Expoſe, nor bluſh, thy Triumph, and my Shame?
Abjure thoſe Maxims I ſo lately priz'd,
And court that Sex I fooliſhly deſpis'd?
Own thou haſt ſoften'd my obdurate Mind,
And thou reveng'd the Wrongs of Womankind.
Loſt were my Words, and fruitleſs all my Pain,
In vain to tell thee what I write in vain:
My humble Sighs ſhall only reach thy Ears,
And all my Eloquence ſhall be my Tears.
And now (for more I never muſt pretend)
Hear me not as thy Lover, but thy Friend:
Thouſands will fain thy little Heart enſnare,
For, without Danger, none like thee are fair:
But wiſely chuſe who beſt deſerves thy Flame,
So ſhall the Choice itſelf become thy Fame:
And not deſpiſe, though void of winning Art,
The plain and honeſt Courtſhip of the Heart.
The skilful Tongue in Love's perſuaſive Lore,
Tho' leſs it feels, will pleaſe and flatter more;

And meanly learned in that guilty Trade,
Can long abuſe a fond, unthinking Maid;
And ſince their Lips, ſo knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd Youth might ſoon believe;
And ſince their Tears in falſe Submiſſion dreſs'd,
Might thaw the icy Coldneſs of thy Breaſt;
Oh! ſhut thine Eyes to ſuch deceitful Woe,
Caught by the Beauty of thy outward Show:
Like me, they do not love, whate'er they ſeem,
Like me --- with Paſſion founded on Eſteem.

The ANSWER *to the foregoing* ELEGY: *By the Author of the Verſes to the Imitator of* HORACE.

TOO well theſe Lines that fatal Truth declare,
Which long I've known, yet now I bluſh to hear ---
But ſay, What hopes thy fond, ill-fated Love?
What can it hope, tho' mutual it ſhould prove?
This little Form is fair in vain for you;
In vain for me, thy honeſt Heart is true.
For would'ſt thou fix Diſhonour on my Name,
And give me up to Penitence and Shame!
Or gild my Ruin with the Name of Wife,
And make me a poor *Virtuous* Wretch for Life?

Could'ſt thou ſubmit to wear the Marriage-Chain,
(Too ſure a Cure for all thy preſent Pain)
No Safron Robe for us the Godhead wears,
His Torch inverted, and his Face in Tears;
Tho' ev'ry ſofter Wiſh were amply crown'd,
Love ſoon would ceaſe to ſmile, when *Fortune* frown'd.

Then would thy Soul my fond Conſent deplore,
And blame what it ſollicited before:
Thy own exhauſted, would reproach my Truth,
And ſay, I had undone thy blinded Youth;
That I had damp'd *Ambition*'s nobler Flame,
Eclips'd thy Talents, and obſcur'd thy Name:
To *Madrigales* and *Odes* that Wit confin'd,
That might in *Senates* or in *Courts* have ſhin'd;
Glorioufly active in thy Country's Cauſe,
Aſſerting Freedom, and enacting Laws.

Or ſay at beſt, that negatively kind,
You inly mourn'd, and ſilently repin'd:
The jealous Demons in my own fond Breaſt,
Would all theſe Thoughts inceſſantly ſuggeſt,
And tell what Senſe muſt feel, tho' Pity had ſuppreſt.

Yet added --- Grief my Apprehenſion fills,
(If there can be Addition to thoſe Ills:)
When *they* ſhall cry, whoſe harſh Reproof I dread,
'Twas thy own Deed; thy Folly on thy Head.

Age

Age knows not to allow for thoughtleſs Youth,
Nor pities Tenderneſs, nor honours Truth:
Holds it romantick to confeſs a Heart;
And ſays, thoſe Virgins act the wiſer Part,
Who *Hoſpitals* and *Bedlams* would explore,
To find the Rich, and only dread the Poor;
Who *legal Proſtitutes* for Intereſt's ſake,
Clodios and *Timons* to their Boſom take;
And (if avenging Heav'n permit Increaſe)
People the World with Folly and Diſeaſe.

Thoſe, *Titles*, *Deeds*, and *Rent-Rolls* only wed,
Whilſt the beſt Bidder mounts their venal Bed;
And the grave *Aunt* and formal *Sire* approve
This Nuptial Sale, this *Auction* of their Love.

But if Regard to Worth or Senſe is ſhewn,
That poor *degenerate* Child her Friends diſown,
Who dares to deviate, by a virtuous Choice,
From her great Name's hereditary Vice.

Theſe Scenes my Prudence uſhers to my Mind,
Of all the Storms and Quickſands I muſt find,
If I imbark upon this Summer-Sea,
Where Flatt'ry ſmooths, and Pleaſure gilds the Way.

Had our ill Fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous Flame
Beyond the Limits of a Friend's cold Name,
I might, upon that ſcore, thy Heart receive,
And with that guiltleſs Name *my own* deceive.

That

That Commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the latent Lover in the Friend:
Of Ignorance I want the poor Excuse,
And know I both muſt take, or both refuſe.
Hear then the ſafe, the firm Reſolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I muſt forſake.
Whilſt other Maids a ſhameleſs Path purſue,
Neither to Honour, nor to Int'reſt true;
And proud to ſwell the Triumphs of their Eyes,
Exult in Love from Lovers they deſpiſe;
Their Maxims all revers'd, I mean to prove,
And tho' I like the Lover quit the Love.

FINIS.

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